

FRANK COFFYN IS
DAREDEVIL KING

NEWS OF ALL BRANCHES OF SPORT

EDITED BY
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Daredevil Frank Coffyn, the Rough Rider of the Sky

NERVY BIRDMAN FLIES
WHERE EVEN SEAGULLS
FEAR TO WING THEIR WAY

Since 1910 Coffyn Has Carried Over 2,000 Persons Through Air as Passengers and Has Lost Count of Number of Times He Has Flown Alone.

WHEN the seagulls of the East River come to the Williamsburg, the Manhattan and the Brooklyn Bridges they do not go under them. Unless they are flying within a foot or two of the water they turn back, make spiral circles and go above the spans. There are tricky currents under the bridges which make even the gulls, who fear not the spray topped waves of a storm torn sea outside the Hook, afraid of the aerial maelstrom under the bridges.

Frank Coffyn, the Bronco Buster of the Skies, who has been instructing, entertaining and thrilling tens of thousands of New Yorkers for the last three weeks by his aero-hydroplane flights from the Battery, has proved that he had enough coolness, enough confidence in his control of his machine, and enough agility to go where the gulls of the sea dare not. He has gone under the bridges, twenty feet below the lowest structure of the Manhattan Bridge and a little further under the roadway of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Coffyn has been floating through the air since 1910. He is the first man in this country to use hydroplanes successfully. He invented his present type, either one of which would support the whole weight of his machine. He would have been the first in the world had not the dam of the artificial lake—the dam dam, he calls it—at Dayton gone out.

Frank Coffyn will assure you with but, (At last she's stopped squawking!) Thank Gawd, huh! A man can run his machine and crash a movie picture camera both at once, but he can't talk to you and listen to a professional Southern gentleman and a wiggle singer and make sense with his own face.)

Well, as I was sayin', huh, the only accident I ever had was to be blamed to the fact that I didn't keep close watch enough of my tools. I'd rather ride in my own machine, huh, than trust myself in a street car run by a motorman I was never acquainted with.

MRS. COFFYN HAS CLASSIC FEATURES AND AUBURN HAIR. Which only goes to bear out the opinion of his wife, who went out in his machine yesterday afternoon, in the way of steamers, tugboats and boats.



presence of many thousands of gaping New Yorkers, to circle Miss Liberty and pay her respects. Mrs. Coffyn is a burn-haired, with classic features and a good-humored though determined smile. She said to an Evening World reporter as her husband was preparing to ascend with Kingsland Coffyn, their seven-and-a-half-year-old son:

"Afraid for the boy? No. I'd rather go out to the Statue of Liberty with Frank, or have him take the baby out than that either of both of us should try to cross Broadway alone."

Incidentally, young Kingsland is a chip of the standard block. When he returned from a flying-dish dash about the upper bay late yesterday afternoon, which he made in the lap of his father's business manager, Mr. De Vito, while Coffyn piloted the machine out of the way of steamers, tugboats and boats.

without getting the chance for headway enough to rise more than ten or fifteen feet above the wharves, all three of them were thoroughly soaked by spray. "No, I wasn't afraid," said the holder of the youth record for aeroplane passengers to his mother when she was peeling off the wrappings in which she had enveloped him for the adventure. "But I don't see why Popper let me get my pants so wet."

The youngster's gameness is not altogether surprising when one considers that the Coffyns made the ninth anniversary of their wedding the occasion of a trip through the air from Augusta, Ga., to Alton, S. C., thirty-five miles.

COFFYN LOOKS OLDER THAN HIS THIRTY-THREE YEARS. Coffyn is a quiet, stone-faced man who looks older than his thirty-three years. If he were an actor, his mana-



ger, if wise, would pick out Mephistophelean roles for him. He is broad shouldered, his voice is low, but never so low that if the subject matter of what he had to say were important he could not be heard and obeyed—obeyed, mind you!—a block away.

There is an athletic organization founded on the membership of the Washington, D. C., high schools. Mr. Coffyn founded it. He was the cham-

family started through another four years. Frank Coffyn worked for the American Security and Trust Company—learning a business he didn't need," he says—until he was moved to come to New York and make his first try at Wall street. His second try, yesterday, when he buzzed from the East River to Broadway and then down to the Battery was much more successful.

Right here an interruption. Ask Coffyn if he went over Wall street. He will look at you with a dull stare and refuse to understand the question. You must know that the Aero Club of America has promised faithfully to deprive him of his aero pilot's license and bar him from all its official competitions if he flies over a city. Perhaps the fog kept him from seeing where he was going. Maybe the wind blew him out of his course. Who knows? But, "anyway," it is recorded that on Thursday, when he finished the flights which Wilbur Wright came all the way from Dayton, O., to witness—the first flights Mr. Wright had ever seen of a machine equipped with the Coffyn flat or "skate" pontoons and the Coffyn self cranker—

he said in answer as to a query as to whether it was unsafe for Coffyn to fly over city cliffs and ridges: "I guess Frank knows how to do anything he feels like doing." Which is an awful lot more than said W. Wright has said for a long, long time.

COFFYN SHOWED INVENTOR HOW TO CUT ICE.

His first flight at Wall street in 1902 (which, in confidence, was less successful than yesterday's) ended somewhat abruptly and through the influence of his father, then Vice-President of the Phoenix National Bank, Frank

Coffyn himself became Vice-President and Secretary of the Gordon Battery Company. Out of this concern came brain fever, and he bought a farm at Hastings and vacated for awhile. His only real excitement there occurred when the inventor of an ice plant was unable to put the parts of his invention together. Coffyn anticipated them and made the inventor able to cut ice—real ice.

In 1907 Coffyn went to Hobart, N. Y., as the manager of a company which was going to put the Milk Trust out of business by manufacturing a milk powder which time could not stale nor lightning sour. The business soured on him and in 1909 he sought out his father's old and staunch friend, Andrew Freedman.

Mr. Freedman fairly forced him on the Wrights. He learned to fly at their Dayton plant. He taught nearly all the army officers and many others of their pupils to fly. He left their employ only as the last of their exhibition employees—who, they thought, were injuring their commercial success by the succession of tragedies which followed their exploits. Parmelee, Cliff Turpin, Howard G.H., Walter Brookings, Johnstone, Hoxsey and the rest.

"Of course, something may break," Coffyn says. "But so may a man slip on a banana peel and break his skull. I intend to fly and keep on flying. And I think I'm likely to die in bed."

Incidentally, if Coffyn's face suggests to you the cavalierism or the cowboy ask him if he has ever done any riding. This is what you will get: "Why, man, huh, I met Mrs. Coffyn followin' the houn's at the Warrington Hunt Club."

Live Bits of News From
Around the Sporting Circle.

Two hundred men will start in the first cross-country run of the season—start of the Bradford Field Club, which will leave the club house, No. 255 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street—to-morrow afternoon. Five hundred dollars worth of prizes are offered for the run.

After a bitter struggle the DeWitt Clinton High School succeeded in winning the swimming championship of the Public Schools Athletic League by the close margin of one point. The High School of Commerce of Brooklyn finished second.

Gilbert Nichols is again the recognized golf champion of Florida. He won the title at Palm Beach, Fla., by scoring a 68 in his morning round, which is four strokes better than the best professional record.

Bill Dahlen's trapper-slugger got a good workout at Hot Springs yesterday. For one hour Dahlen belted his way through his "slug" in front of the Eastern Hotel. Later he took all hands to Whitehaven Park until it got too dark to work any longer.

By carrying off the first game which he started A. H. Homan won the New York A. C. division of the national amateur tournament. Homan defeated C. H. Porter in the final game by a score of 123 to 110.

In the fifth block of results in their handball tournament won at Hot Springs, Alfred De Oro won from John Daly by 99 balls to 45. The competition will end to-night.

For the first time in eight years Fordham and Manhattan College baseball teams will play a game at either the Polo Grounds or the American League Park.

As the Stuyvesant High School basketball team refuses to meet the De Witt Clinton High School to play off the tie for the championship of the Public Schools Athletic League, indications are that the title will be awarded to De Witt Clinton by default.

Because of the changes which have been made in the scoring rules of the Intercollegiate Wrestling Association, the final match between Yale and Columbia in the Columbia Gymnasium ended in a lot of confusion, for, according to the old way of reckoning, the teams were tied at 11.5 each, while under the new system Columbia had the advantage with a score of 30 to 0.

Thomas W. Coffey has just returned from a trip through the West as an examiner of the American Amateur Football Association, the new organization, which is being formed to manage soccer football in the United States.

Maloney and Duhon Down. Tommy Maloney, the west side fighter, and Johnny Duhon of Brooklyn fought an unimpressive ten-round bout at the American A. A. of Brooklyn, the outcome among the spectators of the finish being that the man had looked a dew.

Duhon managed to score a knockdown in the fifth round, putting Maloney to the floor with a slight hand swing on the jaw. Maloney crawled up for the last time, but the referee of Duhon's was the last part of the fight.

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Who Sells "Wilson" in the
Bottle You Can't Refill

—And if any dealer offers you whiskey which he claims is "just as good," it's because he thinks more of his profit than he does of you.

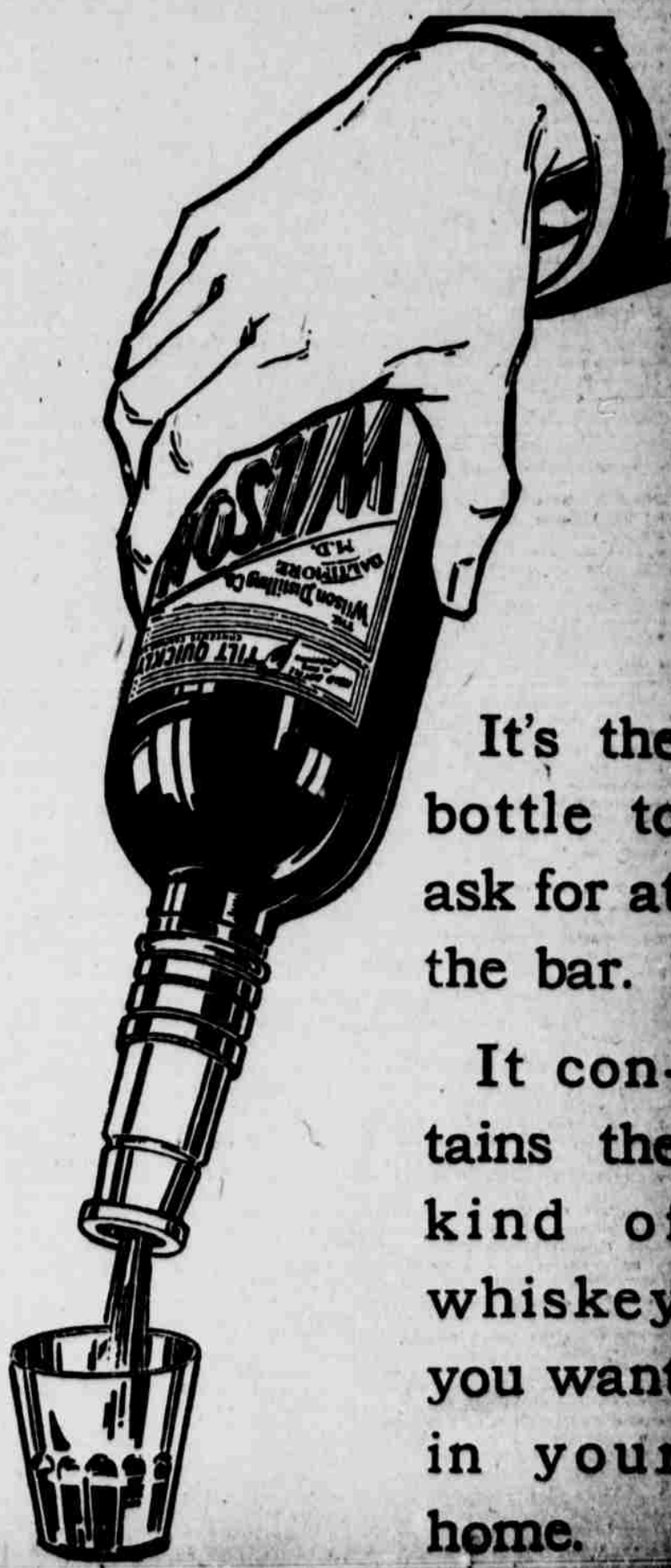
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The new WILSON bottle—which can't be refilled—protects you.

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